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Men and Manners.

NO. XXXI.

THE PRUDENT COUNSELLOR.

FROM L'HERMITE EN ITALIE, THE LATEST WORK OF M. JOUY.

[*Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.*]

You witnessed our departure for Grosseto, the capital of Lower Tuscany. My wife, a Counsellor of the Court of Appeal of Florence, and his secretary, were the companions of my journey. This magistrate was a man of excellent disposition and principles, but formal and tedious in his manners, and excessively timid. The Court of Appeal could not perhaps have selected a person more unfit to perform the mission to Grosseto. Although he had consulted the most skilful physicians, on the means of preserving himself from the infection of the Maremme, he set out from Florence, in a state of alarm for his health, at once pitiable and ridiculous, and afforded us matter of entertainment during all the journey, by his restless anxiety and unceasing precautions.

Towards sunset we took the road parallel to that leading to Rome. We remarked several subterranean villages, that is to say, passages excavated under the mountains which led to the dwellings of the ancient inhabitants of the country, who incurred there no other risk than that of sometimes disputing their beds with the bears whose habitations they had adopted. These economical and commodious abodes were sometimes composed of several contiguous apartments; like the houses in the fine cities of Rome and Naples, they were ornamented with gardens on their roofs, and were better adapted, by their construction, to preserve an agreeable temperature of the atmosphere, than if they had been furnished with all the stoves of Russia, and all the galleries of Spain. They were quite exempted from the inconveniencies to which our large towns are subject, from the ravages of fire, and epidemical diseases, and the inhabitants could protect themselves from inundations by closing the door, and opening a passage for the air in the vaulted roof.

All these considerations did not tempt our friend, the Counsellor, to visit these singular retreats; he could not overcome his fears of encountering the venomous and voracious animals by which he imagined them to be tenanted.

We crossed several forests of large trees, which at first I took to be oaks, from the appearance of their foliage, and because they bore acorns; but upon examining their bark, I discovered them to be cork trees. We conversed much on the peculiar properties of these trees, which are evergreens. They are stripped of their bark for the first time when they are fifteen years old: this operation is afterwards repeated every seven or eight years, for the space of a hundred and fifty years. It is so far from proving prejudicial to the growth of the tree, that the bark of the old trees is most esteemed. The acorns are said to afford a very agreeable nourishment.

The poor Counsellor was busied in seeking a plant endued with properties that might counteract the effects of the bad air; he wondered that nature, who, said he, usually places the remedy by the evil, had not yet permitted man to discover that which undoubtedly existed in the countries we were traversing, and he concluded, from this apparent deficiency, that the science of plants could not be so far advanced as the botanists pretend.

When we arrived at the inn where we were to pass the night, his first care was to shut himself up in his room, where he sat all night before a large blazing fire, holding a handkerchief to his mouth, and a smelling bottle to his nose, as he had been told that the bad air is much more active in its influence on persons asleep than on those awake. He was also of opinion that we never breathe a more corrupt air than when we are in bed, on account of the more abundant perspiration of the body, occasioned by the warmth of the necessary covering; the blankets, he said in which we enveloped ourselves, only served to collect and preserve the pestilential effluvia of the atmosphere. We expected to arrive at Grosseto the next day, and on the day following that, he intended to return to Florence, as he had made up his mind to stop not a moment longer than was necessary for the performance of his mission. He wished to pronounce a discourse at the tribunal, and requested me to sketch out the principal points to be touched upon. I did not fail to enlarge upon the courage which had enabled him to expose himself to the mephitic atmosphere of the judiciary seat of the Tuscan marshes. When he read what I had said on this subject, he suddenly withdrew his handkerchief from his mouth, laid down his smelling bottle, and embraced me, exclaiming, "Bravo! my dear friend and colleague; how much sensibility you have! how exactly you have entered into my feelings!" He then resumed his former position in the arm chair, and remained obstinately silent the rest of the evening. We left him alone to look over the village and its neighbourhood till supper time.

The name of the place we were at was *Doccio*. It was an isolated inn, situated at the foot of a chain of mountains, and commanding a view of a wide range of apparently fertile meadows extended below it. The inhabitants of the country exposed themselves fearlessly to the air without using any precaution against its effects; we, however, thought it prudent to smoke tobacco while we were in the open air.

On our return, we found the unfortunate Counsellor still on his guard against the fatal attacks of the malignant and subtle fluid in motion around his body. He was engaged in reading a dissertation on the marshes of Tuscany, published under the title of *Ode parieo Toscano*, of which the botanical part was written by a person of the name of *Capitano Mariti*, and that descriptive of works of art by *Mechalli*. The remarks of the authors on the causes and influence of the bad air served to confirm him in his resolution to breathe only an air purified by fire and aromatics, and to inspire the smallest quantity possible even of that.

He set out the next day with a dreadful head-ache. His physician had recommended him to travel only in the day-time, because the rays of the sun purify the air, and this injunction was scrupulously obeyed. He requested us to wake him if the motion of the carriage should tempt him to sleep; but this precaution proved unnecessary, as his own fears served to keep him awake. The country gradually became barren and gloomy as we approached the marshes of Tuscany: the population diminished perceptibly, the trees and plants dwindled in size and beauty, and the land was encumbered with briars and thorns.

At the distance of three or four miles from Grosseto, we passed near the baths of Rosella, formerly a remarkable town of Etruria, which was destroyed by Barbarossa in the sixteenth century. Nothing now remains of it but its tepid baths of mineral water. They are now falling to decay, and left open to the use of strangers. On the summit of a mountain, on the left, we observed the ruins of a tower which commanded a view of the town. At the distances of fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles from Grosseto, in different directions, may be seen the vestiges of *Anecdonia*, *Saturnia*, *Popolonia*, and many other towns of ancient Etruria. Their sites are usually marked by flights of large birds of prey hovering around them.

We were met, near Rosella, by the President of the Tribunal of Grosseto, who came out to pay his respects to us, accompanied by two of his colleagues. This gentleman alighted, and presented himself at the door of our carriage; but we could answer his congratulatory compliments only by signs, as the Counsellor, whose fears augmented as he approached the Maremme, would not allow the glasses to be let down. The President observed to him, that his head-ache would probably be removed by a change of carriage, and invited him to take a place in his, which, he said, belonged to the Bishop of Grosseto, and was remarkably commodious and easy. As the Florentine magistrate, however, still persisted in intrenching himself in his corner, the deputies returned to their own carriage, and followed us to Grosseto. When we arrived there, they would not allow our driver to inquire for an inn, but conducted us to the house of a private gentleman, by whom we were all hospitably received. The Counsellor refused to occupy a room looking into the street or garden, but chose a small apartment opening into a narrow court, in which he caused juniper and strong herbs to be kept constantly burning during all the time of his abode there.

The report of his alarms and precautions was soon diffused over the town. When the public functionaries paid their respects to him, they came furnished with pipes in their mouths, and musked fans or perfuming pans in their hands, so that his little apartment was soon darkened by the smoke of aniseed and tobacco, and filled with perfumes of various kinds. The Counsellor was much flattered by the general attention to his personal safety. His courage and spirits rose with the occasion, and he at length consented to eat, when I had persuaded him that the stomach is more liable to the impressions of the bad air when empty than when loaded with food, which assists in absorbing its malignity. These reflections inspired him with new confidence, and he often told me that I should have made my fortune had I been a physician, even in the Maremme, where there are so many physicians. Perhaps he meant to couch an epigram in this compliment.

The next day it was agreed that the Counsellor should attend the tribunal at noon, while the sun should be at his zenith, in a close carriage, and that on his way thither he should stop at the church, where the mass of the Holy Ghost was to be performed. I induced him to do this, by observing, that as there would be an immense concourse of people there, the contagion of the air would be much weakened, because, when it is breathed by a great number of lungs, they divide its malignant effluvia, attenuate and absorb it, so that there was every reason to believe he would

escape its pernicious influence, if he took the precaution to breathe only the air strictly necessary for life, and to refrain from singing.

We found the church more full of smoke than of the faithful. The arm chair of the Counsellor was placed in the midst of the choir. As soon as he was seated, the choristers enveloped him in clouds of smoke, so thick that he disappeared from our view; we could only dimly discover his arm chair, and the dazzling colour of his long red robe. Before he again ventured out to go from the church to the tribunal, he ordered one of the choristers to place a pan of burning incense in his carriage.

When we arrived at the court, we remarked at the upper end of the hall a sort of sedan chair, elevated on a flight of steps covered with foliage and aromatic plants. The worthy magistrate, without waiting to be invited, threw himself into it, and closed the glass doors. Two sergeants, stationed on each side of him, were furnished with two long fans, which they kept in incessant motion, to refresh and purify the air immediately in front of the carule chair. When the business of the court was opened, he ventured to advance his head between them from the principal window of his chair, and briefly explain the object of his perilous mission; then, without waiting to hear the harangue of the President of the tribunal, he hastily withdrew to his place of safety and again closed the window. The other officers of the court were preparing to deliver their oratory tributes when the Counsellor suddenly rushed out of his chair, ran to his coach, and disappeared; the counsellors tucked up their long robes and ran after him, but their efforts to detain him were vain. Post-horses had been secretly ordered, and he had set out to Florence, accompanied by his secretary. We were under the necessity of sitting down without him to the public dinner which had been prepared for him, and it may be easily imagined what was the subject of our conversation from the beginning to the end of the repast.

Liverpool. A. W.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OEHLENSCHLÆGER, BY L. MAN, OF LIVERPOOL.

[*Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.*]

Some years ago, Alberto, a singer of very moderate abilities, but of great pretensions, resolved to leave Turin, his native town, in quest of fame and emolument, fully persuaded that the little success which he had met with at home was owing to the bad taste of his countrymen, who were not able to appreciate his superior talents. There was but one exception to this general remissness; and this was Xaviero, his next-door neighbour, and a joiner by trade. The man was a little slow of understanding, but very good-natured, friendly, and faithful: he had been impressed with a high opinion of Alberto in his early youth; and as he was not of a very reflecting turn of mind, he had never examined whether or not his predilection was actually founded on reasonable grounds, and he had suffered the singer to acquire a complete influence over him. Although his own circumstances were by far the better, and he could at all times earn more money in his trade than Alberto was likely ever to realize at the opera, he thought himself mightily honoured by being allowed to pay for both at their occasional recreations in the country. Alberto, therefore, thought it only fair to reward the former services of his humble friend, by associating him in the profits, or, at least, in the risks of the projected excursion. He had but little trouble in persuading the poor fellow, that travelling was indispensibly requisite to render him an accomplished joiner; and he found it quite as easy to make him believe, that he (Alberto) would fully succeed in establishing his reputation wherever they might go; that the finest women of Italy would rival each other in offering to him their hearts and hands; and that his companion could not but derive likewise great advantages from living under his auspices. The premises being thus settled, Xaviero disposed of his shop and other property, collected all his earnings, and engaged a vehicle for Milan: they proceeded by easy journeys; and, for the sake of coolness, chiefly by night; although they had been warned that the roads were infested by robbers. They were suddenly awoke one night as they were sleeping in the chaise, by a blow received on their foreheads: at the same moment Alberto started up with a cry of terror, and offered, immediately, his little purse to the supposed robber; but Xaviero was resolved to defend himself to the utmost; and, seizing his antagonist by the collar, he began to pommel him with all his might, until the continued cries of his companion, and the light of the moon, which just then appeared from behind a cloud, made him perceive that he was thrashing his own dear, and well-beloved friend. The mistake had originated in their having knocked their heads together through a jolt of their chaise; and Xaviero was extremely sorry for what he had done, protesting that, in future, he would rather suffer himself to be plundered, than attempt any rash defence, lest he might again punish Alberto, instead of castigating a rascal.

Our adventurers had no sooner arrived in Milan, than Alberto requested permission to appear on the theatre *della Scala*: it was in vain that some well-meaning persons advised him to try first at the *Opera buffa*; which offered a much better scope for beginners: he would listen to no advice, and was too well persuaded of his merit to give it even a consideration. It was, however, a considerable time before he could obtain the solicited honour; and he would, probably, not have been admitted at all, if the sudden indisposition of a principal performer had not induced the manager to risk the experiment, and allow him to make his *début*. The resources of the joint stock were almost exhausted, and only just enough was left to fit him out for his part, which was that of Holofernes, in the opera of Judith. He procured a most brilliant helmet of gilded paste-board, with a shield and armour of the same: the whole was studded with innumerable false brilliants, which sparkled like stars; and a formidable sword on his side, with a black, bushy beard under his chin, gave him so venerable an appearance, that poor Xaviero durst not even look at him. The latter had fervently entreated the holy Virgin to vouchsafe success to his friend, having quite forgotton, in his anxiety, that performers are excommunicated by the church: he went to the theatre with a beating heart; and having missed his road to the gallery, he got into another part of the extensive building, which served as a meeting-place for gamblers. Every one there was busily engaged, and Xaviero was almost thunderstruck at the sight of the heaps of gold which were displayed, and at the rapidity with which they passed from one hand to another. He fingered his solitary remaining pistole until it became quite hot in his pocket; and, after several fruitless efforts to get it out, he threw it at last in so clumsy a manner upon the table, that it rolled upon the black division, instead of the red one, for which he had intended it: he had, however, not the courage to say any thing, when the banker asked whether all was right; and, lo! he happened to be on the winning side. This was a new source of agitation to him; and, as his confusion would not allow him to withdraw the money, the banker took it for granted that he wanted to let it stand. He had already won a considerable sum in this manner, when he perceived that an old officer, who stood near him, always withdrew one half of his gains, and risked only the other: he quickly followed his example, but not without deep blushes and anxious palpitations. His success continued; and seeing the officer change the black colour for the red, he almost instinctively placed his stakes in the same manner, and met with the same good luck; for, in less than an hour, he was master of five thousand pistoles. He then thought that he had quite as much as he could conveniently carry; and, as his prototype left the table, he did so too. The officer then took him aside, and said to him, "Hark ye, friend: you seem to have made your fortune without even knowing how; but it may be that you deserve it quite as well another: let me now give you two friendly counsels; the first is, that you take a guard of well-armed soldiers on your way home; and the second, that you never play again at hazard as long as you live; for Dame Fortune is rather whimsical, and she might make you bitterly smart for her transitory favours, if you are not wise enough to deprive her of the opportunity, by enjoying what you have already got, instead of losing it again by attempting to get more." The overjoyed young man thanked his mentor, and promised to comply with his injunctions. He returned to the inn, settled with the landlord, whose behaviour had been somewhat disrespectful, and bid him to direct Alberto, on his return, to the hotel *della Città*.

Alberto had not fared quite so well in the lower parts of the theatrical premises as Xaveiro had done in the upper story. The public had proved to be very stubborn, and not quite so awe-struck at the sight of the new Holofernes as had been expected. The death of the hero was to take place in the third act; but, before the end of the first, the spectators had already resolved that the fair hands of Judith should not be imbued in his blood, and that they would spare the lady the trouble of cutting off his head, by hissing him off the stage before that dreadful moment. He bore this disgrace most manfully, and, supporting himself on his large sword, he stood the brunt of their attacks, by looking at them with the austerity and resignation of a Regulus. Unfortunately, however, the critics in the gallery were not satisfied with displaying their anger by mere shouts and gestures; but a well-directed orange hit the splendid helmet of the performer in so effectual a manner, that it gave way, and fell to the ground. The courage of the man fell with the helmet, and his proud heart sank within him: he rushed out of the house in speechless agony, and was now as anxious to conceal his romantic dress under a hastily snatched-up cloak, as he had been eager to exhibit it half an hour before. Despair pursued him into the street, and, in the agony of his mind, he conceived the project of drowning himself forthwith; but, not meeting with a suitable place, he bethought himself of Xaviero's travelling-pistols, and he went home to fetch them. Having been informed there of the message which had been left for him, he thought it merely a trick to deceive him, and fancied that, on witnessing his disaster, Xaviero had thought it most prudent to withdraw from his company, and to shake off the yoke of an individual whose superiority he no longer acknowledged, after the charm had been broken in so disagreeable and degrading a manner. He would, nevertheless, attempt to move at least the pity of his *quondam* friend: for what other choice had he, besides death or starvation, finding himself in a strange town, without resources, and without the means of getting an honest livelihood by the labour of his hands? He approached the hotel to which he had been directed with trembling steps, and made his inquiry in a faltering voice; but, on his naming *il Signore* Xaviero, a servant in silk stockings snatched up a triple-branched silver candlestick, and led him to the most elegant room of the house, where he found his acquaintance lolling on a sofa, and only waiting for his arrival to begin the splendid supper, which he had taken care to bespeak. The theatre, and all that referred to the stage, had been entirely dismissed from the fortunate adventurer's mind, and he only regretted the absence of the singer, because he longed to tell him that he might now decline singing in public, and reserve his musical powers for their private amusement. Alberto was not so much rejoiced at the intelligence as might have been expectected from the melancholy situation in which he then was, and from which it relieved him. His pride and envy were awakened by this unexpected news, and he murmured bitter complaints against Fortune, for bestowing her favours upon people who could scarcely read and write, whilst men of *worth and genius* met with nothing but

disappointments. His grief did not, indeed, prevent him from joining the supper-table, or from doing ample justice to the goodness of the fare which was placed before him; but he positively insisted on the removal of the musicians, who had been ordered to play during the repast; the sound of music having become quite grating to his ears, since it had been accompanied by the hissings, whistlings, and hootings of the pit and gallery. He had always despised Xaviero; but now he hated him, and he only thought of the means of making him squander his dollars, and of assisting him in so glorious an undertaking. Yet though the joiner was weak upon some points, it was not quite so easy to persuade him on others; and he had quite sagacity enough to understand, that spending without getting any thing cannot last long; and since the interest of his money sufficed to support him more comfortably than he had ever lived before, he was determined not to make away with the capital. He inquired carefully where he might place his cash to the best advantage, and having satisfied himself with regard to its safety, he plainly declared to his companion, that he was welcome to share in whatever enjoyment could be procured with the amount of the revenue, but that he must not expect any thing beyond it, since he himself intended to be limited by his income. He was found more yielding in another point, viz. the removal to a fresh place.

He was not quite so dull as not to perceive that the theatrical expedition of his friend must have been remarkably unfortunate; and he had no particular relish for the pointed manner in which people stared at them both, when they were walking in the streets: he had, therefore, not the least objection to their leaving Milan and going to Florence.

They arrived during the passion-week; and, on the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Sunday, they followed the crowd which assembled, towards midnight, in and about the cathedral. A large, square machine, resembling a funeral monument, had been brought to the door of the building, by means of four snow-white oxen; and a white dove, over the high altar, communicated with the machine by means of a cord. All was silent and dark, within and without; and the people stood in breathless expectation, until the large clock began to strike. Then the officiating priest raised his torch to the dove, which was suspended over his head, and he, thereby, set fire to the rocket which it contained: the fire-works of the machine went off; the church was illuminated; the black covers were removed from all the paintings; music was heard in all directions; the chorus from the organ proclaimed loudly that Christ was arisen; and the congregation, on their knees, and with uplifted hands, repeated enthusiastically,—"He is arisen."

The good Xaviero wept like a child, and was in ecstasy; but Alberto knew not whether he ought to smile or to be vexed at the ceremony; and he was just preparing to give to his humble friend a grave lecture on the subject, and to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of giving way to first emotions, when his own attentions were attracted by something that entirely deprived him of his oratorical powers.

(To be continued.)

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

CEMETERIES.

CEMETERY NEAR EVERTON, AND ARCHITECTS.

When Æneas, in the sixth book of the Æneid, consults the Sybil on his future operations, he is informed of the sudden death of a companion; he is reminded of the mysterious* horror which death sheds on his whole fleet; and he is commanded, before he begins his new career, to commit the body to its place of rest. The Greeks and Romans were careful to remove the dead from the presence of the living. Cremation effectually accomplished this object; and, where cremation was not practised, cemeteries were selected at a distance from the abodes of men, too considerable to be attended by insalubrious consequences. So abhorrent, indeed, were the feelings excited by intercourse with a dead body, that they who assisted at a funeral always underwent purification when the rite was ended.

—— Ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ.
Lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba.

It is not improbable that this anxiety to deposit the dead in their proper mansions, apart from the haunts of men, and this fear of pollution, had an active influence on the religious creed of the Romans, and begat a belief that the manes would wander in restless inability to reach their final destination till the body had been duly disposed of.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera.

The Egyptians observed a somewhat different conduct towards their dead; and, by an elaborate preparation, endeavoured to render their mummies immortal. Still they interfered no further with the body than they deemed absolutely necessary. They forbad dissections; and they constructed remote cemeteries. This last fact is attested by the existence of a burial-ground near Memphis, of amazing extent.

It is true the Romans departed, occasionally, from their general practice, with regard to interment. Thus Augustus, with all his family and freemen, was interred in the Campus Martius. But the master of the legions was independent of ordinary rules. The apotheosis, too, which enrolled him in the rank of the immortals, and raised him above the usual consequences and corruptibility of death, imparted a religious sanctity to his person which authorized his continual presence among men.

The prerogative that apotheosis conferred on the great only, was secured by the Christian religion to all alike. The moment of death marked the progress of a spirit towards eternity; and the body which it no longer tenanted was laid, with affectionate respect, amid altars and consecrated places, that the Christian at prayer may have beneath his eye his responsibility and his end.

But this is mistaken piety. Our reverence for the dead may be retained without domesticating them among the living. Towns, of themselves, are sufficiently crowded and insalubrious. Let us not gratuitously increase the evil, by a practice at once disgusting and unwholesome, which chains the living to the dead, and realizes the atrocious tyranny of Mezentius.

Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Tormenti genus!

We hail, therefore, with sincere pleasure, the enlightened motives which have prompted the construction of a new cemetery near Everton. We hope that measures will be taken to prohibit all future pollution of the town by burial within its limits; and that the corporation, profiting by the judicious example set them, will complete the benefit by the purchase of grounds sufficiently spacious for the reception of all who die.

An ample space should be provided; for they who have seen the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, near Paris, and have received due impression from that sacred spot, will feel that the decoration of trees is indispensible. An edifice, too, will be required for the performance of clerical duties, and will give occasion for the display of architecture, at once serious and grand. Here, if an arcade be deemed suitable, we may cast our eyes on the Campo Santo, at Pisa, and adapt a modification of that structure to Roman or Gothic architecture. If a colonnade receive the preference which classical taste assigns it, we know the effect produced by the grand colonnade in front of St. Peter's, at Rome; and we may terminate the vista of a similar one by a Greek temple. The colonnade or arcade may be dedicated to the mural monuments of the opulent, and we may construct vaults beneath the grand edifice for the reception of the dead.

We hold, however, that a colonnade is unnecessary, and that it would partly mask the beauties of the temple. Let this temple be insulated; let it stand on the merits of its own severe majesty, without any adjunct whatever. The genius of the architect may be summoned; not indeed to copy, but to rival the Pantheon or Erectheum, unfettered by those difficulties with which he has to contend in adapting a Greek temple to ordinary worship: for the short service of the dead might permit us to dispense with the accommodation of pews; and the interior might be effectually lighted from the roof: thus, in the true spirit of the Greeks, the area within would be unbroken, and the surface and columniations would be undisturbed by windows pierced into the cella. How we yearn to see an edifice, either round or quadrangular, thus constructed in Grecian purity; planted in a grove of columns; without windows; lighted from above; and the walls within consecrated to monumental sculpture and the talents of the architect.

In the architectural part of the cemetery near Everton, the artist has not made the most of his subject. He was required, we suppose, to erect a dwelling-house, a chapel, and an entrance into the area. An awkward combination, we grant; nor has he surmounted the difficulty. He has introduced into his design the fronts of two Greek temples, joined, rather than united, by a colonnade: he has thus broken his façade into three distinct portions; a frittering of parts more suitable to the aim of Gothic than of Grecian architecture. The colonnade looks like a fragment; there is a marked impropriety in such a medium of entrance, through the intercolumniations of which the funeral procession must wind its way as it can. The obvious mode of entry by a gate should have been retained, forming a prominent feature in the design, and with which the adjacent architecture might have been made to harmonize. Nor was the construction of a gate beneath the study of the Everton-architect, since it belongs to a department of art which was employed to commemorate the achievements of Titus, and which engaged the attention of Michael Angelo.

But amid the multiplication of parts, in the building at Everton, there is a baldness, a nudity in the general effect, which result from another impropriety. In the fronts of temples we expect to find doors; here there are none. Greek temples of the class to which these two appertain were approached in front only; there was no access in rear. On inspection of these two temples, beneath the pediments of which there are no doors, we cannot divest ourselves of the awkward conviction, that they are wheeled round, with the rear in front.

If Greek architecture was necessary on this occasion, we suggest that a single temple of the Hypæthral class would have satisfied the object of the builders. An Hypæthros combines three longitudinal alæ or aisles, the central one of which is without any covering, and is open to the sky: it has a pronaos and a posticus, and in this species of temple only the cella may be approached by either. The alæ in the flanks, in the specimen contemplated, might have been adapted to the purposes of the chapel and the dwelling, and the open area would have presented a fit ingress to the funeral procession. A single pediment, resting on the columns of the pronaos, would have spanned the whole front, and would have imparted unity and simplicity to the building. It is true that peristyles are deemed necessary concomitants to the Greek Hypæthros; but, in the present adaptation, they might undoubtedly have been dispensed with, from motives of economy. It is also true that Vitruvius prescribes ten columns for the front; but it is certain that this number, in practice, may be diminished or not, according to the expansion of the building, and, perhaps, according to the frugality of the builders. The Parthenon, which Stuart supposes to have been Hypæthral, was octostyle; so was the temple of Jupiter Olympius. The temple of Neptune, at Pæstum, has only six columns in front.

It is amusing to contrast the works of architects with their tumid pretensions. The architect, we are told by Pythius, "should be more expert in every profession connected with his art than the ablest professors of each art respectively." Architecture, says Milizia, is the art *per eccellenza*, and the regulator of all other arts. Vitruvius is content to be somewhat more modest. Sir William Chambers, however, will not abate one particle of the full blown dignity of his profession, and he is echoed by all his modern brethren. In his opinion, the architect is a rival to the crack brained poet in Rasselas: "he must have a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute." The painter's canvas, and the sculptor's block, says Sir William, are their ultimate objects; but the architect's attention must be directed to higher and more complicated views. A thorough mastery in design, optics and mechanics, antient history, mythology and antiquities, are insufficient for his accomplished profession. He must, furthermore, be well versed in the customs, ceremonies, modes of life, occupations and amusements of all degrees of his contemporaries. Nor is the knowledge which books can impart enough. The architect must travel also. But we may extend this catalogue of vanity indefinitely. As to Sir William, he looked down with supreme contempt on mere mechanics: he read much, travelled much, and built much, and yet he thought St. Martin's Church, in London, a finer structure than the Parthenon! For our own parts, we have never heard that the ship-builders pretend to be more than master mechanics; yet, we would rather be the authors of one of the fine ships which which are launched at this port into its element, than of half the public buildings in Liverpool.

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* Præterea jacet exanimum tibi corpus amici,
Heu nescis! totamque incestat funere classem
Sedibus hunc refer ante suis, at conde sepulcro.

Poetry.

ON THE RE-APPEARANCE OF THE PRIMROSE,

Blossoming in November, 1823.

And art thou here again, sweet modest flower,
Despite the chilling air, the pelting shower,
The dreary yelling of the midnight storm,
And all that Nature's heavenly face deform?
Nay, then I'll cherish thee, thou gentle flower,
And thou shalt sovereign be of all my bower,
The Queen of all that bud and blossom there,
And more than rose, or vaunted myrtle dear;
My garden's pride, my solitary gem,
The first in love's own brilliant diadem!
And I will prize thee as a thing of light,
A star of promise on the brow of night;
And Robin, blithest of the minstrel train,
Again shall cheer thee with his jocund strain.
For late that favourite of the winter scene
Has sought the cot his russet head to screen;
And well I love that joyous bird to see,
And list his descant, artless, wild, and free;
For truest he of all the feathered throng,
And worthy of the lyre's recording song;
The friend that loves throughout the varying year,
And woos when tempests roar, and woods are bare:
No suitor he of gay and summer hour,
Formed but to live in rose-encircled bower;
And when the flowers are gone, wide spread his wing,
And learn in other climes as blithe to sing!
No, Robin, no!—the friend no change can sever,
The faithful, *winter friend*, still clinging ever;
To thee Fidelity a shrine might raise,
And Friendship wreathe it with her brightest bays!

And Robin, gentle flower! thy mate shall be,
For both are favourites of simplicity:
And freshly as thou bloom'st the violet near,
His vesper hymn shall Robin warble clear;
And lowly bending on the dewy sod,
A suppliant at the throne of Nature's God;
In that still hour my only prayer shall be,
To be as blameless, and as blest as ye!

Liverpool. G.

FROM THE NEW YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

"I love you," oft the youth did say,
"I love you," oft the maiden sighed;
Thus echoed both, from day to day,
Till one waxed old, the other died.

Fine Arts.

ADAPTATION OF MUSIC TO SENTIMENT.

The sound should be an echo to the sense.—*Pope.*

A few weeks since, we inserted a letter, on Church Music, from a Bristol correspondent, to which communication we appended a note, referring our readers to the corner of our paper containing our usual notices to correspondents. It was then our intention to offer some observations upon our Bristol friend's letter. Something, however, occurred which obliged us to postpone the brief comment we had then prepared. Its purport was principally to express our general concurrence in the view he had taken of the subject of Church Music. The letter we now subjoin has superseded the necessity of any observations from us, as the writer's opinion on such points is of infinitely more consequence than any thing we could advance. Of our London correspondent's identity we are not at liberty to say more than may be gathered from our present assurance, that we feel highly flattered by his correspondence, as, in the theory of music, and the knowledge of counterpoint, he has no superior.

The adaptation of the pathetic and masterly air in Acis and Galatea to the words "From lowest depths of woe" is most appropriate;—never was sound more truly an echo to the sense.—Mr. Webbe, in his valuable collection of psalm tunes, interspersed with airs from Haydn, Purcel, and Handel, has very judiciously adapted to sacred words, some airs which were not originally intended for Church Music, but which, from their character, are peculiarly suitable for such appropriation; amongst these are the subjoined exquisite air from Acis and Galatea; the airs from Haydn's Creation; "With verdure clad," "The Heavens are telling," and "In native worth," Waldron's "Hope thou nurse," Dr. Arne's March in Artaxerxes, and many others, which may be termed secular airs. Under such judicious superintendence as that of Mr. Webbe, we may safely rely upon it, that this species of musical engrafting will enhance the effect of our Church Music, rather than lessen its dignity and impressiveness. For our own parts, we entirely agree with the Rev. Mr. Wesley, who used to say that "it was a pity the devil should have all the good tunes."—*Edit. Kal.*

CHURCH MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was attracted by an article in your paper (*Kaleidoscope*) a fortnight back, on the subject of *Church Music*; the more so, as being myself "a compiler of tune books" for church service, and being of opinion that your correspondent spoke very *sensibly* on the subject, *inasmuch as* his remarks are in strict conformity with my own feelings! His reprehension of the very frequent application of the psalms and hymns prepared for Divine service to our favourite secular airs, a habit most prevailing in those places of worship whimsically distinguished from others by the term *evangelical*, is surely most just; especially when it is considered, that, in the last mentioned places, not only is there pretty certain to arise in the mind that mischievous association with the original words, according to his remark, but our evangelical hymn writers sedulously *force* upon the mind this association, by forming their *divine* verse in *parody* upon the original! Amongst other examples now occurring to me of this *determination* on the part of the evangelical poets, I give you the well-known soldier's song of the celebrated Curran, "If sadly thinking, His spirits sinking, &c." having for burthen to each stanza, "Let us be merry before we go,"—to the favourite tune belonging to which is applied the following divine parody:

Oppressed with thinking,
His spirits sinking,
And weakly shrinking
From all his woes;
The Christian's sorrow
From faith may borrow
That hope to-morrow
Which brings repose.
&c. &c.

This adaptation brings to my mind another, connected with a little anecdote that may not be entirely new to you, of some young ladies, daughters of *serious* parents, who were rather dissentient from them on the subject of vocal recreation, but who happily fell upon a good-humoured compromise for use, at least, on the Lord's-day, viz. when papa and mamma endured their daughters' lively strains, only on the condition that they were attached to *evangelical* verse! The following is a distinguished specimen of the young ladies' taste in adaptation, which rested with themselves; a hymn, of rather *penitential* cast, beginning as follows,

"Almighty and merciful Lord,
The hope of frail sinners below,"

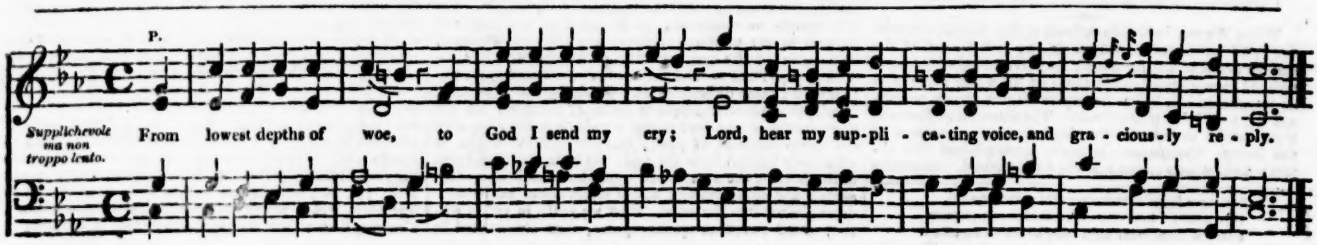
they used to sing to the well known and choice tune to Spado's song in the "Castle of Andalusia."

I am also of opinion, however, with your correspondent, that an occasional *exception* to the rule of excluding such tunes may be not only warrantable, but judicious, if the tune have in itself any thing of solemn or devout character, and be originally appended to words not palpably at variance with that sentiment. I beg leave to present before you, a specimen of this exception, which, amongst several others, I have adopted in a collection of tunes of my own compiling, adapting, and harmonizing;—this is at your service, if you will honour me with the use of your musical types on the occasion. This air will, no doubt, be well known to your correspondent, and to those of your readers who are admirers of the immortal Handel, viz. "The flocks shall leave the mountains," from the sonnata of Acis and Galatea, and is, in the abstract, strikingly characteristic of humility and penitence.

If you favour this by insertion, if not too much to spare from well-devoted pages, I shall probably request a little more space for a future article on the same subject.

London, Nov. 1, 1824. Yours, &c. S. W.

PSALM 130, TATE AND BRADY'S VERSION.



Advertisement.

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AN ISAGOGICAL TABLE of the PORTUGUESE GRAMMAR, calculated to facilitate the acquirement of that Language, wherein the Declension of Nouns, Conjugation of Verbs, and the Rules of Syntax, &c. are much simplified. By HENRY LUCAS, Professor and Sworn Translator of Languages, No. 10, King-street, Liverpool.

N. B.—H. L. has been at considerable pains to procure, for the use of his Pupils, *approved Editions* of Portuguese, Spanish, French, and Italian Books, published at *Lisbon, Madrid, Leon, Paris,* and *London*; as well as the *latest Editions* of Dictionaries, Grammars, Exercises, &c. at the publisher's prices.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME XVIII.

White.	*Black.*
1 Castle ....D—8+	1 Castle ....D—8
2 Castle ....R—8+	2 Castle ....B—8
3 Bishop....D—5+	3 Castle ....B—7
4 Bishop....B—7+	MATE.

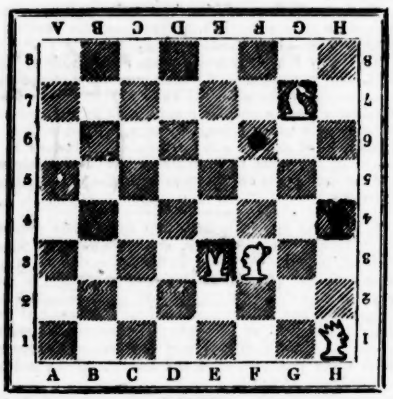
[NO. XIX.]

SINGULAR CONDITIONAL GAME.

(From Lolli.)

The white, notwithstanding his own overwhelming strength, undertakes to *oblige* the BLACK to give him CHECKMATE in FIVE moves, with the PAWN.

Black.



WHITE.

The Philanthropist.

HENRY BELL,

THE INDIVIDUAL WHO FIRST INTRODUCED STEAM-BOATS AND LOCOMOTIVE MACHINES INTO GREAT BRITAIN.

The editor of the *Manchester Gazette* (late Cowdroy's) has very laudably called the attention of the public to the claims which the veteran Henry Bell has upon the sympathy and gratitude of our countrymen. In consequence of an application from our fellow editor, Mr. Bell has favoured him with a very interesting letter, which we shall give at length in the *Kaleidoscope*.

Mr. Bell, it seems, is old, infirm, and indigent; having sustained a loss of three thousand pounds by the burning of two steam-boats, one of which, the Comet, was the first ever used in this country.—There can be no question as to his claims to the merit of introducing steam-boats and locomotive land-carriages into Great Britain. He also constructed a steam-carriage to ply upon a common road; but, as the high-pressure engine was indispensible, and as it was suppressed by act of Parliament, his invention was abandoned.

In his letter in the Manchester paper, we find the following affecting description of his present condition and prospects:

"But I have almost served my day and generation: as my supply of fuel is now getting small, my steam is getting weaker; and at last my capacity of making way must cease. I have been these six months laid up in dock, under repairs; but should the head carpenter give the order that all is right, I may once more be launched afloat."

The following extract from the Report of the House of Commons will show that the Americans as well as the British are under very great obligations to this able and persevering mechanic:

"But the whole merit of constructing these (steam) boats is due to natives of Great Britain. Mr. Henry Bell, of Glasgow, gave the first model of them to Mr. Fulton, and went over to America to assist him in establishing them."

[*From Cowdroy's Manchester Gazette.*]

"A few months since, when there were meetings in almost every town in the kingdom to originate subscriptions for the erection of a monument to the memory of James Watt, we were forcibly reminded of the common remark, that men are more apt to lavish honours on the dead than to reward living merit; and we could not but think that the sums subscribed for the erection of a statue to the memory of one great genius would be more serviceably bestowed on another, who is living in comparative indigence. We allude to Henry Bell, who is confessedly the man who first introduced steam-boat navigation into his country, which he has seen conferring incalculable benefits on the nation, without receiving any other reward than an annuity of fifty pounds a year, which the city of Glasgow, much to its honour, has settled upon him. Being desirous of making his claims more generally known, we requested Mr. John Wyld, of Glasgow, who is intimate with him, to obtain from him an account of what he had done for the benefit of mankind, and have, in consequence of Mr. Wyld's application, been favoured with the following letter. We subjoin an extract from a Report of the House of Commons, corroborative of his claims, and should be glad if these documents excite an interest in favour of an ingenious man who has been very inadequately rewarded.

SIR,—I had a call from one of Mr. Wyld's partners two days ago, informing me that you wished a short account of my first outset with steam-boats. I suppose you mean in this country? but I claim the merit of being the person that put them first in practice in this or any other country; which fact cannot be denied me. I refer you for a more particular account to the fifth report of the Honourable House of Commons; a Select Committee having been appointed to inquire into the nature of steam-boat navigation, in which report you will see what credit is assigned to me. In addition to what is there stated of my inventions, I have to add, that I was the first that made locomotive engines to be of use on land, and there is a number of them in the coal-works of Newcastle. I also made a steam-carriage to ply on a common turnpike road, and it did well; but it was a high-pressure engine, which, for the safety of the lieges, are prohibited by an Act of Parliament. This Act put a stop to my further exertions on land carriages on common turnpike roads, and was very proper, for a great deal depended on servants in high-pressure engines. If it were not for the risk that attends high-pressure engines, they could be made to travel on common roads at the rate of nine miles per hour on good, ordinary, and even on up-hill roads. But let me now turn your attention to the progress of steam-boats in Scotland since their first commencement. In 1811, I built the *Comet*, and plied her between Glasgow and Greenock; but the prejudice was so great against steam-boat navigation, by the hue and cry of the flag-boat vessel and coach-proprietors, that, for the first six months, very few would venture their precious lives in her; but in the course of the winter of 1812, as she had plied all the year, she began to gain credit, as passengers were carried 24 miles as quick as by the coaches, and at two-thirds less expense, besides being warm and comfortable. But, even after all, I was a great loser that year. In the second year, I made her a jaunting-boat all over the coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to show the public the advantages of steam-boat navigation over the other mode of sailing. I have done what no Emperor, King, Prince Admiral, or General could do;—I have made vessels to go against both wind and tide, which no man could do before. I erected several other steam-boats, and opened up the most of the different stations where steam-boats ply, and all this single handed. I sold the first steam-boat that went to London, and also the first that went to France.—The *Comet* was lost in 1820, December 15th, on the west coast of Scotland, hands and passengers all saved. On the 9th of September, 1821, another steam-boat of mine was burnt down to the water's edge, on a Sunday morning, lying at anchor: neither of the two were insured, and my loss was upwards of £3000. Independent of this, I experienced a great loss in opening up all the different grounds single handed, which, as soon as they were seen to pay, induced large and powerful companies to embark in steam-boat speculation with larger boats and greater power, so that they could go quicker, and, of course, your humble servant and his steam-boats were left behind; for the public do not sacrifice their own convenience in order to reward the man to whom they are indebted for an invention. But I have one great comfort in knowing, that the public are indebted to me, and, that I am not indebted to them. For I can boldly say, that I have done more for the general good of mankind than any Admiral or General ever did, who receive their pensions, honours, and titles, while I am left without either. But if I had studied politics, or business, or war, instead of so much mechanism, I this day might have been estimated much higher by the world, in which wealth generally procures more respect than abilities, however usefully exerted.

"There are a few, Sir, about your good town of Manchester, such as Sir Robert Peel, and a few others, who are, in some degree, indebted to my exertions for the great fortunes they have made. I have been prosecuted for infringing on the alleged right of three different patent-holders. One of which was for horizontal cylinders for printing ladies' garments; another for horizontal cylinders for drying cloth by steam, and the other for steam-boats. Although I was prosecuted by the different patentees, it was clearly proved, that I had the undoubted right prior to any of the patentees; yet, although I came off victorious, I had my own expenses to pay. I have, in my day, done a great many public works in Scotland, and a few in other countries, which will testify that I once was a living machine; but I have almost served my day and generation; as my supply of fuel is now getting small, my steam is getting weaker, and at last my capacity of making way must cease. I have been these six months laid up in dock under repairs; but should the head carpenter give the order that all is right, I may once more be launched afloat. If this should be the case, I will make a voyage to see my friends in London, as I intend to apply the ensuing session to the House of Commons, to see if there is as much gratitude in the representatives of the people as will induce them to grant me a recompence for the good that I have done the nation at large. They may now see the great national utility of steam vessels, although, in my opinion, they are but yet in their infancy; for in a few years, I have no doubt, the whole of the coasting trade will be carried on by the power of steam. I have also no doubt of the practicability of a steam vessel communication with the East Indies. The vessels I would recommend for this purpose should be about 400 tons burden. Their course ought to be straight up the Mediterranean—then to cross the narrowest neck of land to the head of the Red Sea, to meet other steam-vessels, and then to proceed to Madras, which voyage could be performed in 35 days, including four days for taking in fresh provisions, water, &c. There never was a better opportunity of making an agreement with the Pacha of Egypt to make a rail-road across the neck of land than at this present time, and to secure it in all time coming; and it would be the best means of civilizing all the line of country that adjoins the route of the steam-boat. The intercourse with the people of these countries would be so frequent, that in a very short time we should be the best of friends;—for what makes nations continue barbarians but the want of intercourse with those which are civilized? and I will venture to affirm, that history does not afford an instance of such rapid improvement in commerce and civilization as that which will be effected by steam-vessels; and one sees its commencement now in the promiscuous multitude which is collected together in one of these commodious and expeditious conveyances. There people of every nation and every tongue meet together in amity; every one inquiring into the manners, languages, and customs of each other, and not one word of discord amongst the mixed multitude. It may almost be said it is a gathering in of the nations to harmony with each other in love and unity peace, and concord.

For the information of your readers, I will now give you an account of the number of steam-boats built in Scotland, and what have been sold of these to England, Ireland, the Continent, West Indies and America. There have been built about 95 steam-boats, the cost of which will average about £4000 each. Sunk capital is £380,000. Of that number there have been forty sold from the ports of the river Clyde, that were built and finished there. Last year no less than fifty-five steam vessels were plying in Scotland, thirty-two of them belonging to the Clyde.

Suppose these fifty-five steam vessels employ 550 men, allowing ten men to each vessel, their wages at the average of 30s per week, (including captain and steward's wages, will amount to	£32,175	0	0
Suppose the average consumption of coals to be four tons per day, for 39 weeks in the year, at 12s. 6d. per ton	32,175	0	0
Another sum is to be added for harbour dues, out of which the Glasgow harbour dues were £3,306 17s. for steam-boats alone	6,500	0	0
Ten per cent. tear and wear, on 55 steam-boats at £4,000 each, is	22,000	0	0
And ten per cent. profit on the capital invested is	22,000	0	0
So that the annual receipts ought to be	£114,850	0	0

If we suppose that each passenger pays 4s. the number of passengers in one year will be 574,250! This shows you the commerce by steam navigation in Scotland, for which the public is in a great degree indebted to your most obedient and humble servant,

HENRY BELL.

Extract from a Report of the House of Commons.

"The first instance of applying steam to vessels is that which occurred in 1736, when Mr. Hull obtained letters patent for the construction of a steam-boat for towing vessels in and out of port.—The application of paddle-wheels, now so generally adopted, appears to have been originally suggested by this patent. Mr. Hull proposed to employ the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, which, by means of a crank, communicating with the working beam, imparted a rotatory action to the wheels and paddles which were placed in the bow of the vessel. Next in succession were the experiments of the Duke of Bridgewater, to use steam-boats for towing barges on canals; and then came those of Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, in the county of Dumfries, in a double vessel, with a wheel in the middle. But after Mr. Hull came the Marquis de Jouffrey, who unquestionably holds the most distinguished rank in the list of practical engineers, who have added to the value of the invention: in 1781 he constructed a steam-boat at Lyons of 140 feet in length; and with this he made several successful experiments on the river Soane. In 1795, Lord Stanhope constructed a boat to be moved by steam. In 1801, Mr. Symington tried a boat that was propelled by steam on the Forth and Clyde navigation. Still no practical uses resulted from any of those attempts. It was not till the year 1806, when the Americans began to use steam-boats on their rivers, that their safety and utility was first proved. But the whole merit of constructing these boats is due to natives of Great Britain. Mr. Henry Bell, of Glasgow, gave the first model of them to Mr. Fulton, and went over to America to assist him in establishing them; and Mr. Fulton got the engines he used in his first steam-boat on the Hudson river from Messrs. Bolton and Watt. Steam navigation seems to have made great progress from this time in America. It appears from the Report of the Select Committee of the Sessions of 1807, on this subject, that there were then seventeen large steam-boats in constant employment on the American rivers, besides ferry-boats. A list of steam-boats has been published by Mr. Robinson, which shows, that, on the Mississippi alone, the tonnage of those in work at present amounts to 7259 tons, and of those building to 5995 tons. There are now, in all, about 300 steam-boats in use in America.

"Mr. Bell continued to turn his talents to the improvement of steam apparatus, and its application in various manufactures about Glasgow, and in 1811 constructed the Comet steam-boat, of 25 tons, with an engine of four horse power, to navigate the Clyde between Glasgow and the Helensburgh Baths, established by him on an extensive scale. The success of this experiment led to the construction of steam-boats, by other persons, of larger dimensions, and with greater steaming power. These having superseded Mr. Bell's small boat on the Clyde, it was enlarged, and established as a regular packet between Glasgow and the western end of the Caledonian canal at Fort-William, by way of the Crinan Canal, in Argyleshire. Mr. Bell about the same time constructed the Stirling Castle steam-boat, and employed her on the river Forth, between Leith and Stirling; he afterwards took her to Inverness, where she has been for two years plying between that town and Fort Augustus, going seven miles by the Caledonian Canal, and twenty-three miles along Loch Ness. Many other boats were successfully established about this time on the Forth and Clyde, and several on the rivers Tay, Thames, Mersey, and Humber, and between Southampton and the Isle of Wight; but it was not till the year 1818 that a steam-boat was made use of to perform regular voyages at sea. In this year the Rob Roy, of 90 tons, built by Mr. Denny, of Dumbarton, and with an engine of thirty-horse power, made by Mr. Napier, of Glasgow, plied regularly between Greenock and Belfast, and proved the practicability of extending the use of the steam-engine to sea navigation. In the year 1819, the Talbot, of 150 tons, built by Messrs. Wood, with two 'thirty-horse engines, made by Mr. Napier, plied daily between Holyhead and Dublin throughout the whole summer and autumn, and successfully encountered many severe gales. In the year 1820, the Ivanhoe, of 170 tons, built by Mr. Scott, with two thirty-horse engines, made by Mr. Napier, was established on the same station; and in 1821, the Postmasters-General introduced steam-boats at Holyhead and Dover, for the conveyance of the mails. During these last three years, the Belfast, Robert Bruce, Waterloo, Eclipse, Superb, Majestic, and Cambria, were constructed, of large tonnage and with engines of great power, for conveying passengers between Greenock and Belfast, and Liverpool; between Liverpool and Dublin; and between Liverpool and Bagilt, in Flintshire. All these vessels, except the Cambria and Belfast, were constructed in the Clyde. In the year 1821, the City of Edinburgh and the Mountaineer were established, to go between Leith and London; and, in the present year, there have been already fitted for sea the St. Patrick and the St. George, at Liverpool; the James Watt, for the Leith and London station; the Swift, to go between Brighton and Dieppe; the Sovereign and the Union, between Dover and Calais; and the Lord Melville, to go regularly between London Bridge and Calais. Twelve more are in hand, and will be completed this summer. Ferry-boats, propelled by steam, sufficiently commodious to carry carriages, horses, and cattle, have been established, with great public utility, on the Tay, between Dundee and Fifeshire; at the Queen's Ferry, in Scotland; and on the Severn, the Mersey, and the Humber, and at other ferries."

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents;—to be continued in a series through the Volume.]

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

To Francis Henry William Needham, of David-street, Middlesex, Esq. for his improved method of casting steel.—Dated 7th October, 1824.—6 months allowed to enrol specification.

To Walter Foreman, Esq. of Bath, Somersetshire, commander in the royal navy, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines.—7th October.—6 months.

To Frederick Benecke, of Deptford, Kent, verdigris manufacturer, and Daniel Towers Shears and James Henry Shears, of Fleet-market, London, coppersmiths, who, in consequence of a communication from a certain foreigner, are in possession of certain improvements in the making, preparing, or producing of spelter or zinc.—7th October, 6 months.

To Pierre Alegre, of Kerez de la Frontero, Spain, engineer, now residing at Colet-place, Commercial-road, Middlesex, for his improved and economical method of generating steam, applicable to steam-engines and other useful purposes.—7th October.—2 months.

To Humphry Jeffreys, of Park-street, Bristol, merchant, for his improved flue or chimney for furnaces and other purposes.—7th October.—2 months.

To Robert Dickenson, of Park-street, Southwark, Surry, Esq. for his improvement or improvements in the manufacture and construction of metal casks or barrels, for the conveyance of goods and products by sea or otherwise.—7th October.—6 months.

To Francis Richman, of Great Pultney-street, Golden-square, Middlesex, carpenter, for certain improvements in the construction of fire-escapes, part of which said improvements are likewise applicable to other purposes.—7th Oct.—6 months.

To Stephen Wilson, of Streatham, Surry, Esq. who, in consequence of communications made to him by foreigners residing abroad, is in possession of certain improvements in machinery for making velvets, and other cut works.—7th October.—4 months.

To John Ham, of West Coker, Somersetshire, vinegar-maker, for his improved process for manufacturing vinegar.—7th October.—4 months.

To Matthew Bush, of West Ham, Essex, calico-printer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for printing calicoes, and other fabrics.—7th Oct.—6 months.

To John Shaw, of Milltown, in the parish of Glossop, Derbyshire, farmer, for his transverse spring slides for trumpets, trombones, French-horns, bugles, and every other musical instrument of the like nature.—7th October.—2 months.

To John Thomas Hodgson, of William-street, Lambeth, Surry, veterinarian, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of shoes, or substances for shoes, for horses and other cattle, and method of applying the same to the feet.—7th October.—6 months.

To Philip Chell, of Earle's-court, Kensington, Middlesex, Esq. for his improvements in machinery for drawing, roving, and spinning of flax, wool, waste silk, or other fibrous substances.—14th October.—6 months.

To John George Bodnier, of No. 50, Oxford-street, Charlton-row, in the parish of Manchester, Lancashire, civil engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery for cleaning, carding, drawing, roving, and spinning of cotton and wool.—14th October.—6 months.

To James Gunn, of Hart-street, Grosvenor-square, Middlesex, coachmaker, for certain improvements in wheeled carriages.—14th October.—6 months.

To William Philip Weise, of Tooley-street, Southwark, Surry, manufacturer, for certain improvements in the preparing and making waterproof cloth, and other materials for the manufacturing of hats, bonnets, caps, and wearing apparel, and in manufacturing the same therefrom.—14th October.—6 months.

To Henry Marriott, of Fleet-street, London, ironmonger, for an improvement on water-closets.—14th Oct.—2 months.

To James Fetlow, of Manchester, Lancashire, weaver, for certain improvements in power looms for weaving various articles.—14th October.—6 months.

To Henry Maudslay and Joshua Field, both of Lambeth, Surry, engineers, for their method and apparatus for continually changing the water used in boilers for generating steam, particularly applicable to the boilers of steam-vessels making long voyages, by preventing the deposition of salt or other substances contained in the water, at the same time retaining the heat, saving fuel, and rendering the boilers more lasting.—14th October.—6 months.

A singular fact in geology has been lately disclosed, while boring for soft water, at the foundry of Messrs. Cawood, in this town. For the first 30 yards, the boring-irons were not affected in any manner out of the usual way; beyond that point they became possessed of a highly magnetic power, which continued till the irons had penetrated to the depth of 60 yards; afterwards the attraction ceased, and the boring is now proceeding without any effect being produced upon the iron out of the ordinary way.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Biographical Notices.

LORD BYRON.

(Continued from our last.)

The following anecdote, from Captain Medwin's work, is quite in the Eastern style:—

"One of the principal incidents in *The Giaour*, is derived from a real occurrence, and one too in which I myself was nearly and deeply interested; but an unwillingness to have it considered a traveller's tale, made me suppress the fact of its genuineness.—The Marquis of Sligo, who knew the particulars of the story, reminded me of them in England, and wondered I had not authenticated them in the Preface:—

"When I was at Athens, there was an edict in force similar to that of Ali's, except that the mode of punishment was different. It was necessary, therefore, that all love affairs should be carried on with the greatest privacy. I was very fond at that time of a Turkish girl—ay, fond of her as I have been of few women. All went on very well, till the Ramazen, for forty days, which is rather a long fast for lovers: all intercourse between the sexes is forbidden by law, as well as by religion. During this Lent of the Musselmans, the women are not allowed to quit their apartments. I was in despair, and could hardly

contrive to get a cinder, or a token flower sent to express it. We had not met for several days, and all my thoughts were occupied in planning an assignation, when, as ill fate would have it, the means I took to effect it led to the discovery of our secret. The penalty was death—death without reprieve—a horrible death, at which one cannot think without shuddering! An order was issued for the law being put into immediate effect. In the mean time I knew nothing of what had happened, and it was determined that I should be kept in ignorance of the whole affair till it was too late to interfere. A mere accident only enabled me to prevent the completion of the sentence. I was taking one of my usual evening rides by the sea side, when I observed a crowd of people moving down to the shore, and the arms of the soldiers glittering among them. They were not so far off, but that I thought I could now and then distinguish a faint and stifled shriek. My curiosity was forcibly excited, and I despatched one of my followers to inquire the cause of the procession. What was my horror to learn that they were carrying an unfortunate girl, sewn up in a sack, to be thrown into the sea! I did not hesitate as to what was to be done. I knew I could depend on my faithful Albanians, and rode up to the officer commanding the party, threatening, in case of his refusal to give up his prisoner, that I would adopt means to compel him. He did not like the business he was on, or perhaps the determined look of my body-guard, and consented to accompany me back to the city with the girl, whom I soon discovered to be my Turkish favourite. Suffice it to say, that my interference with the Chief Magistrate, backed by a heavy bribe, saved her; but it was only on condition that I should break off all intercourse with her, and that she should immediately quit Athens, and be sent to her friends in Thebes. There she died, a few days after her arrival, of a fever—perhaps of love."

The following pleasant and minute narrative of an interview with Lord Byron is an extract from a private letter, with which we have been favoured, written a short time previous to the death of the patriot poet.—*Examiner.*

"* * * * We found the great man (Mavrocordato) surrounded by thirty or forty men, armed after the manner of the country, with richly chased pistols and ataghans, while he, on the contrary, was in a French dress—blue coat, drab waistcoat, wide blue pantaloons, and boots, all much worn and badly brushed. His complexion is swarthy, his face rather broad, an aquiline nose, eyes large, black, and expressive; and on the whole his countenance indicates intelligence and shrewdness, but from his wearing his hair turned back, and hanging in bushy profusion about his shoulders (he has no neck) and a huge pair of ugly mustachios, he has a singular and not very prepossessing appearance: his height may be five feet six or seven. * * * * The matter not being immediately adjusted, it became necessary to fix another meeting, and I availed myself of the circumstance to assuage my curiosity by the sight of a personage much more interesting to me than all the Greek patriots together, and whom we before missed; I mean Lord Byron, who had arrived a few days before from Cephalonia. Well, suppose me at Missolunghi for the second time, and fairly ushered into the presence of the Noble Bard. I assure you it was a great treat to me, and one of the few realities which are not exceeded in anticipation. Col. L. Stanhope, from the London Greek Committee, introduced us. We found the mighty son of song in a room with Turkish sofas, and its walls hung round with arms of various descriptions, such as carabines, muskets, fowling-pieces, pistols, swords, sabres, a claymore, and the three helmets which you may have seen quizzed in some of the ministerial papers; his arms are emblazoned on each: motto—"Credé Biron." For with all his sins and errors on his head, he is a most fascinating man. He wore a dark green jacket, with rough black cuffs and collar, and a profusion of black trimming, like the storm jackets of some of the cavalry regiments; a blue cap with a scarlet border, a black waistcoat, wide blue pantaloons, with broad scarlet stripes, and boots. He is not so tall as generally represented, being only about five feet nine inches. He stoops slightly, and is of a muscular make, especially about the thighs. He is full-faced, and particularly broad from the angle of one jaw to the other; he has a fine mouth and teeth; nose neither large nor otherwise; it is nearly straight, but has the least perceptible rise a little above the middle of its length, and perhaps from this to the point inclining to hollowness; but these inequalities are very trifling; it is broad from one nostril to another: his eyes are full and light grey, or something between that and blue. His forehead is high, and grows narrower as it ascends; it is naturally very smooth, but he frequently contracts it into deep wrinkles, and as suddenly unbends it. His hair is fine and soft, as yet evincing no tendency to baldness: it is divided naturally into an infinity of spiral curls, and was, for a crop, rather long. He tells us in his writings, that it was grey at thirty; at present it is very generally and thickly interspersed with grey hairs, but the natural colour (light auburn) is likely to preponderate at least till forty; the greyness does not appear much, except when very close. His eyebrows and lashes are darker than his hair, or as dark; but his mustachios are nearly white, and by no means improve his appearance. Upon the whole, his head is one of the finest I ever saw, although not according in many particulars with what the sculptor adopts as perfection. He has wonderful power and variety of expression; but while I had occasion to observe him, that of gaiety was chiefly put forth. We remained five hours with him, and had luncheon or rather an early dinner.—He talked with * * * * first about several people who were known to both, from their circle of society being the same. He then went to general subjects, and rattled away in the most amusing, quaint and playful way, exactly as you would expect from the author of *Beppo*, *Don Juan*, and the *Vision of Judgment*. I sought in vain among his lineaments for the gloom, the grief, and despair which lower over the greatest portion of his other productions. His demeanour to us was frank and kind, and his manner was, as I said before, that of Don Juan—*roué et insouciant*. When we expressed our surprise (I mean to give you an idea of his manner) that the Greeks should remain in such a state of inactivity and not endeavour to render their present insecure fastnesses by every means in their power more tenable, he laughed most heartily, and said that they depended much on the Turkish want of enterprise. When we represented how easy it would be to burn the Turkish squadron (two frigates, two corvettes, and four brigs) he said that that was a serious operation to them that would require months of preparation. He then went on—"Damme, I asked Mavrocordato a night or two ago, to go out in a boat in the evening with me and smoke a segar against them" (looking quite serious) "and, would you believe it?—he refused!" While making himself very busy to bring about the dinner, which was not a very easy task, his butler drew a bottle of wine: "What wine is that, Fletcher?" inquired his Lordship. "I don't know" responded Fletcher. "Then away with it," rejoined he, smiling, "I hate an *anonymous* wine." Speaking of and looking at his arms, led to a conversation upon dexterity in using them. He instantly produced a brace of pistols, and as * * * * is a good shot, they fired several times each at bottles. His Lordship never missed; he even hit a small fragment of the neck of a bottle previously broken.—He laughed very heartily at a number of adventurers, who come to Greece without a farthing, expecting high rank and high pay, and who, finding *ni l'une ni l'autre*, were taking themselves off in disgust. He says, that from his previous knowledge of the people and country, he knew what he had to expect, and that it is all well enough for him by way of amusement. He disclaims all wish to take any lead among them; but he has accepted, at Mavrocordato's earnest request, the nominal command of an expedition projected against Lepanto, which was to take place in a few days. The reason urged by Mavrocordato was, that the men would obey his Lordship better than himself; but at the same time he said, that he expected they would all desert, save five hundred Suliotes, which Lord B. has in his pay at the rate of three dollars a month each. He has also paid their fleet lately; and, in fact, is handing out his dollars liberally. He says that neither Greeks nor Turks can fight without being roused, and regretted, from the circumstance of the greatest part of his gin having "run through the bowels of his household," that he had but faint hopes of setting them by the ears. I counselled him to import a cargo of courage from Holland. He said he wished he could; but a nearer quarter would suit him better. While firing at the mark, a large Newfoundland dog, called Lion, was frisking about. I said, "That is an honest-looking tyke of yours." "Oh, ho!" he exclaimed, "I find that you are half a countryman of mine." [The writer is a native of Scotland.] What surprised me somewhat was, that just as he began to fire at the mark, he took something out of a small box. Happening to be without snuff at the time, I was instantly attracted; when, lo! I discovered its contents to be, not ground, but cut tobacco, of which he took out a small portion, and putting it into his mouth, munched it with great assiduity, occasionally ejecting its juice. I felt angry at him for staining his very fine and white teeth. *** Colonel Stanhope is quite an enthusiast; he is about to establish printing presses, and has one or two along with him. Byron says that if the press satirizes any particular individual, if he should not be able to read the libel himself, he would get somebody to do it, and that then he would come down on the poor printer, tie his press about his neck, and pitch him into the sea. Stanhope, who is a man of education and talent, does not relish his Lordship's jokes, and absolutely absented himself from the house (they live together) most of the time we were there, on that account. By the way, as I have heard somes disputes as to the pronunciation of the great poet's name, I may mention, that he read a document to us, in which he had occasion to speak of himself in the third person six or eight times, and he always pronounced it *Biron*; the i sounded as in French or Italian."

Mr. Leigh Hunt, of the *Examiner*, who had seen much of Lord Byron, thus sketches his character in his observations on Captain Medwin's work:

"Looking at the general impression likely to be produced by this volume, we think, that, in many respects, it will tend to correct some prevalent impressions in regard to the character of Lord Byron very materially. Without settling the degree of blame on his part in the fracas with Lady Byron, it proves that his feelings, however combatted by occasional resentment and inconsistency, were those of a man and a father, and that with much waywardness and *self-engrossment*, he was any thing but the morose and gloomy misanthrope which he has been vulgarly esteemed. He himself denominates his perversity inherited; and without implicitly admitting this sort of inheritability, temperament is doubtless often hereditary, although the extraordinary Doctor, to whom we have before alluded, observes, that he must not lay this flattering unction to his soul as an excuse for his aberrations—that is to say, he will be damned nevertheless. This mode of reasoning the practice in the courts below doubtless fully bears out, where the inevitability of a man's meriting the halter, who is bred up by pickpockets, can never be taken into consideration in awarding judgment. Whether hereditarily perverse or not, Lord Byron was educated like a man of rank, and apparently with less than the usual control; and the union of aristocratical prejudices and strong passions with commanding intellect and genius, necessarily produced proportionate consequences, as in the case of Alfieri, whose character and career exceedingly resembled those of Lord Byron. One of the results of high birth is self-engrossment, and possibly it is almost equally common to acknowledged genius; and, consequently, when they are united, a double portion of waywardness is the result. We perceive, in these anecdotes, proofs of great humanity, benevolence, and sympathy; but it cannot be concealed, that the importance of Lord Byron in his own eyes is uniformly conspicuous. As a public character, we are rather disposed to rest on his impulse and his undoubted energy, than on his principles, which both in politics and in religion, were avowedly latitudinarian. That energy was admirably adapted to the existing state of the Greek cause, and was felt accordingly; but circumstances have prevented us from ever learning the nature of the opinions of this extraordinary man in respect to civil arrangement. On the strength of some light conversation about presentiments and omens, we are called upon to regard him as superstitious; just as if notions, which, if carefully traced, usually spring out of a portion of latent vanity, operating upon the willing imagination of individuals strongly distinguished from the rest of mankind, were a proof of superstition in its more general sense! Or, as if the indulgence of such surmises necessarily implied a belief in the divine mission of Sammonocodom and the nine incarnations of Bramah! The same clear-headed journalist calls himself a sceptic, and then says, that he had no fixed belief, as a sort of consequence. We thought that even the old womanhood immediately addressed were aware that a sceptic knew what he did not believe much better than what he did, and that the absence of a systematic faith was the essence of the character; but possibly the school of the Doctor, like the college of Sganarelle, has subsequently "changed all that," a supposition his eternal liberties with fact and common sense render extremely probable.

"To conclude: Lord Byron was a man of great genius and strong passions, habitually uncontrolled in the first instance, and never very much mastered at any time. His chief vice, after all, appears to be that of the men of rank and fashion of the day generally, rendered more conspicuous by contempt of hypocrisy, more intense by the energy and peculiarity of his character, and dangerously sentimentalized by the romance of a fervid imagination. His failings, as we have already said, were indisputably self-engrossment,—and an ardent desire of distinction, after all, his ruling passion. On the other hand, he was as certainly humane, benevolent, and generous, although unequal and capricious even in the exercise of his virtues. His courage, energy, and enterprise are proved, in the volume, in numerous instances. In short, he was a great man as it was; and setting aside the poet, we think that within him lay the seeds of something more than was ever developed."

Correspondence.

LORD BYRON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Amongst many of the random assertions ascribed to the late Lord Byron, in his conversations lately published by his *friends*, he is reported to have said, that the best epigram with which he was acquainted was the following one, by Rogers:—

"They say he has no heart, and I deny it,
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it"

Now, although this couplet is smart enough and neatly turned, it is, after all, nothing better than a pun; and, on that account, not to be compared to numerous other epigrams which must be familiar to every reader of this species of composition. Hundreds might be cited which, while they are to the full as well expressed, contain genuine wit, without the spurious admixture of pun. I have transcribed a few specimens, which occur to me on the spur of the moment, and which are, most probably, inferior in point to many others that might be adduced.

Yours, &c. ☞

The following are the Epigrams which ☞ adduces by way of illustration:—

LORD LYTTLETON'S EPIGRAM ON MISS BROWN.

When I was young and *debonnaire*
The *brownest* nymph to me was fair;
But now I'm old, and wiser grown,
The fairest nymph to me is *Brown*.

TO A DULL RHYMESTER,
WHO ASSERTED THAT EVERY POET WAS A FOOL.

Should I admit your general rule
That every poet is a fool,
Still your own doggerels serve to show it
That every fool is not a poet.

Friend, in your epitaph, I'm griev'd
So very much is said,
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

ON SEEING A MISER'S CHIMNEY SMOKE.

His chimney smokes, it is some omen dire,
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out *fire!*

TO A QUACK,
WHO HAD THE CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, to punish thy crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY'S ADVERTISER.

SIR,—Your puerile and impotent attempts at criticism, notwithstanding the admonitions you have received to desist, you still continue to foist upon the public. Why such a nonentity as you make yourself, should presume to serve up, as you call it, respectable and long-established prints, surprises every body but your sapient self.

On glancing your eye (your eye, you know, revolves like the ball in the socket of a Theodolite, it turns inwards and outwards) over the theatrical critiques in the London papers, you observe some *drolleries*, which you take leave to mention. "Drury-lane was opened on Saturday, with *The Marriage of Figaro*. It has been cleaned and embellished during the recess." Which of the two, you ask, was cleaned, the play or the theatre. "Admirable critic." In your own leading paragraph in your last paper you say,—"The *Morning Chronicle* will, in time, cleanse the Augean stable, if it weary not." Whether do you mean will weary not, the *Chronicle* or the *stable*? Again,—"We do not carp thus at a contemporary's writing with any malicious purpose." Do you mean your contemporary's malicious purpose, or your own malicious purpose? If you are so charitable as to wish to instruct your fellow labourers, pray qualify yourself; for with your present *faculties* you are very unfit for that task; you must not be more *obtuse*, you had better be *more acute*, and do not tell us "that it is very *droll* your grammar (language) should still be corrected; and they have made your *good grammar* into *bad grammar*, by their corrections." How can *correction*, which means in composition *rectifying*, make good into bad, or make the pure impure? Your analysis can never render nonsense into sense, nor can all your sophistry make the paragraph you talk so much about, reconcilable to perspicuity, as you would have it stand. You say—"We did not mean to say that the inhabitants subscribed the present;" we meant to say—"the inhabitants *subscribed the purpose*:" your construction will therefore stand thus—"The magnificent present which the inhabitants of Liverpool subscribed *the purpose* to offer to Mr. Gladstone." This reads smoothly; does it not? When you serve the *Mercury* up as a side dish, you had better have the flying hare jugged, which you notice thus, in the last page of your paper—"William Gregson, of Hawkhurst, killed a hare and a pheasant on the wing, at one shot:" perhaps you meant to inform us that he killed a hare and a pheasant, both flying. I shall glance my eye upon you now and then. P.

November 4, 1824.

LECTURES ON FRENCH LITERATURE, &c.

We understand that *Monsieur Trolé*, of whose talents and literary attainments public report speaks in the highest terms, is about to deliver a short course of lectures, in Liverpool, upon French literature; the first section of which will comprise that of the age of Louis XIV. In the introductory part, M. Trolé will give a rapid sketch of the history of literature, the arts and sciences in Europe, from the first dawn of the French nation to the present time.

We have seen, in a great variety of cotemporary journals, the most favourable mention made of this gentleman's perfect competence to the interesting task he has undertaken. They all concur in stating the important fact, that M. Trolé's style and pronunciation are clear and easy to be understood by those who have any knowledge of the French language; and that his subject evinces considerable research and original criticism.

We understand that the Lectures are interspersed with incidental and entertaining comments upon the opinions of Lady Morgan respecting the French theatre, in her work on France.

It is to be confidently hoped, that the ladies and gentlemen of Liverpool will not let slip so excellent an opportunity as that which now presents itself, of hearing the French language spoken in its utmost purity, in illustration of literary subjects of the most interesting nature.

Fashions for November.

MORNING DRESS.—Dress of fawn-coloured Thibet cloth, or English twilled cachemire; a warm and beautiful article for winter wear, falling into graceful folds, and unaffectedly displaying the elegance of form: the corsage epaulette, and sleeve, are all a la blouse; the cuff finished with three bands, and worked muslin ruffles. The skirt has five cross or bias tucks, the same width as the ceinture, which fastens behind with a plain gold buckle: collarette of richly worked deep vandykes, tied in front with a cord and tassels. The hair en grandes boucles. French bonnet of gros de Naples, of the same colour as the dress; circular broad front, with a small rouleau of shaded terry velvet, or velours epingle, let in near the edge of the brim, and round the crown, which is high and circular, and trimmed with shaded ribon to correspond, arranged in puffs behind; in the front is a fan-like trimming of gros de Naples, cut bias, with shaded terry velvet near the edge; the choicest flowers of the winter season are disposed between, as the scarlet fuchsia, the sweet-scented everlasting, and the China rose. Plain gold-ear drops. Embroidered blue silk shawl, and fawn-colour morocco shoes.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of white worked barege; the corsage cut bias, and ornamented at the top, which is circular, by a folding of tulle, with a gold embroidered trimming a l'antique, and a narrow tucker of fine blond; the front is also embroidered with gold, in the form of a stomacher; and a gold embroidered band round the waist corresponds with the bands that confine the long full sleeves, which are arranged in seven bouffants, and are fastened at the wrists with topaz clasps. The skirt has an elegant trimming composed of three tucks of barege, with bands of tulle cut bias, and embroidered in gold a l'antique; beneath is a bouillon of baregeen, finished with a white satin rouleau. The hair is dressed in large and separate curls, or boucles a la Francais; and on the right side is placed a cluster of rose-coloured passion-flowers, where a superb plume of white ostrich feathers is attached, and falls over to the left. Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

To Correspondents.

GEOLOGY.—The article on this subject, from the *American Review*, which we promised several weeks since, has been repeatedly displaced by other subjects, which, although they possess less intrinsic and permanent merit, have more ephemeral claims to attention. So excellent a dissertation as that in the *American Review*, will lose nothing by temporary postponement, which shall be as little protracted as possible.

☞ The following note, which was intended for another medium of publication, is quite in place in the *Kaleidoscope*, as the observation upon Lord Byron, which has elicited the *profound* remarks of our brother editor, appeared in the *Kaleidoscope* of last week.

EDITORIAL HYPERCRITICISM.—The following paragraph is addressed to *Common Sense*, in consequence of a note we have received so subscribed, inquiring if we had seen the last "little discourse" of the "fancy" editor of the Saturday's paper.—The profound wiseacre of the Saturday's luminary has been floundering again, owing, probably, to his habitual trick of "turning his eye" upwards, sidewise, or in any other direction except straight forwards to his object. He chuckles at the thought that he has caught us napping; and it is almost a pity to cross his vanity, by showing that he has exhibited it somewhat prematurely.—In our observations upon the auto-biography of Lord Byron, we last week observed, that, "in *many* of the narratives, we meet with very little to admire, much to condemn, and scarcely any thing which has any tendency to improve the morals or the heart." We added, that "although we thus condemn many of the recent publications respecting this extraordinary personage, there are many entertaining extracts to be made from them. In the last two numbers of the *Kaleidoscope* we have given some copious selections, and we shall continue for some weeks to pursue the subject; assuring our readers that nothing shall be suffered to appear which may not be perused with propriety in their own domestic circle." Our short-sighted brother editor fancies he discovers some inconsistency on our parts, in denouncing the publications under consideration, as containing little calculated to improve the morals or the heart, and afterwards making *copious* extracts from those very works in a publication, upon the moral character of which we pride ourselves. No one capable of understanding the import of ordinary language could have arrived at this conclusion. A work which is *generally* exceptionable in its tendency may contain many passages or incidents in which, although there may be little to improve the morals or the heart, there may be nothing which has an immoral tendency. Byron's conversations are often of this description—and his observations on literature, authors, and miscellaneous subjects, may be perused with interest, although they convey no very exalted moral. Many of the most popular Novels are of this description; not excepting those ascribed to Sir Walter Scott, in which we never could discover any striking moral. In like manner there are many parts of the conversations of Lord Byron, which, as they are wholly unexceptionable, and, at the same time, amusing, may very properly be the objects of selection, by the caterer, for any publication, how high soever may be its moral character.

The length to which our notices to correspondents has extended, obliges us merely to state that the following communications shall be attended to,—*No Fiction*—*Y. Z.*—*Cantab*—*L. L.*—*W. H. B.*

MUSIC.—The music recommended by *An Amateur* is already on our list of pieces in preparation for publication.

Our arrangements have rendered it absolutely necessary to to postpone till next week the letter of *A Friend to the Drama*, and lines of *Juvenis*.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The acceptable communication of *Eusebius*, of Birmingham, shall have a place next week.

GYMNASIA.—The length of this week's musical department has obliged us to withdraw our Gymnasia for one week.

The *Council of Ten's* letter arrived too late to admit of insertion, consistently with our arrangement.

The *Coffin*, an original and true story, is reserved for our next.

The essay on Early Friendship shall have an immediate perusal.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.—The reply of *A Pupil* to the remarks of *Observator* reached us too late for insertion this week. It shall have a place in our next.

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